Speake to his gentle hearing kind commends.
VVe doe debaſe our ſelfe (Coſin) doe we not,
To looke ſo poorely, and to ſpeake ſo faire?
Shall we call backe *Northumberland* and ſend
Defiance to the Traytor and ſo die?
Aum. No, good my Lord, let's fight with gentle words,
Till time lend friends, and friends their hopefull Swords.
Rich. Oh God, oh God, that ere this tongue of mine,
That layd the ſentence of dread Baniſhment
On yond proud man, ſhould take it of againe
VVith words of ſooth: O that I were as great
As is my Griefe, or leſſer than my Name,
Or that I could forget what I have beene,
Or not remember what I muſt be now:
Swell'ſt thou proud heart? Ile giue thee ſcope to beate,
Since foes have ſcope to beate both thee and me.
Au. Northumberland comes backe from *Bullingbrooke*.
Rich. VVhat muſt the King doe now? muſt he ſubmit?
The King ſhall doe it: Muſt he be depos'd?
The King ſhall be contented: Muſt he loſe
The Name of King? o' Gods Name let it goe.
Ile give my Iewels for a ſet of beades,
My gorgeous Pallace, for a Hermitage,
My gay Apparrell, for an Almes-mans Gowne,
My figur'd Goblets, for a Diſh of Wood,
My Scepter for a Palmers walking Staffe,
My Subjects, for a payre of carved Saints,
And my large Kingdome, for a little Grave,
A little little Grave, an obſcure Grave.
Or Ile be buried in the Kings high-way,
Some way of common Trade, where Subjects feete
May howrely trample on their Soveraignes Head:
For on my heart they tread now, whileſt I live;
And buried once, why not upon my Head?
Aumerle, thou weep'ſt (my tender-hearted Coſin)
VVee'le make foule Weather with deſpiſed Teares:
Our ſighs, and they, ſhall lodge the Summer Corne,
And make a Dearth in this revolting Land.

Or

Or ſhall we play the wantons, with our woes,
And make ſome pretty match with ſhedding teares?
As thus: to drop them ſtill upon one place,
Till they have fretted us a paire of Graves,
VVithin the Earth: and therein layd, there lies
Two Kinſmen digg'd their Graves with weeping Eyes?
VVould not this ill, doe well? well, well, I ſee
I talke but idly, and you mocke at me.
Moſt mighty Prince, my Lord *Northumberland*,
VVhat ſayes King *Bullingbrooke*? will his Majeſty
Give *Richard* leave to live, till *Richard* die?
You make a legge and *Bullingbrooke* ſayes I,
Nor. My Lord, in the baſe Court he doth attend
To ſpeake with you, may it pleaſe you to come downe.
Rich. Downe, downe I come, like glift'ring *Phaeton*,
Wanting the manage of unruly Iades.
In the baſe Court? baſe Court where Kings grow baſe,
To come at Traytors calls, and doe them grace. (King,
In the baſe Court come downe: downe Court, downe
For Night-Owles ſhrike, where mounting Larks ſhould (ſing.
Bul. What ſayes his Majeſty?
Nor. Sorrow and griefe of heart
Makes him ſpeake fondly, like a franticke man:
Yet he is come.
Bul. Stand all apart,
And ſhew faire duty to his Maieſty.
My gracious Lord.
Rich. Faire Coſin,
You debaſe your Princely knee,
To make the baſe earth proud with kiſſing it.
Me rather had, my heart might feele your love,
Than my unpleas'd Eye ſee your courteſie.
Vp Coſin, up, your Heart is up, I know,
Thus high at leaſt, although your knee be low.
Bul. My gracious Lord, I come but for mine owne.
Rich. Your owne is yours, and I am yours, and all.
Bul. So farre be mine, (my moſt redoubted Lord,)
As my true ſervice ſhall deſerue your love.